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ON SEVERAL  
O C C A S I O N S,  
*ENGLISH and LATIN.*

---

By the Rev. Mr.

JOHN DANIEL COTTON,  
Master of the Grammar School in *Newbury, Berks.*

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*Primum ego me illorum, dederim quibus esse poetas,  
Excerptam numero :*

Hor. Sat. Lib. i. Sat. 4.

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(Tamen) *hæc sint qualiacunque  
Arridere velim ; doliturus si placeant spe  
Deterius nostrâ.*

Ib. Lib. i. Sat. 10.

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By the Rev. Mr.

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Minister of the Christian School in Newbury, Mass.

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 Rev. Mr. Tirrel, Fellow of *St. John's College, Oxford*  
 Mr. William Tirrel, Attorney at Law, in *Andover*  
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 Rev. Mr. Leonard Troughere, of *Northwood, Isle of Wight*  
 Mrs. Tinsley, Governess of the Boarding School, *Newbury*  
 Miss Tinsley  
 Mr. Townshend, Fellow of *New College, Oxford*  
 Mr. John Talmage, of *Winchester*  
 Rev. Mr. Troughton

## E

xviii. SUBSCRIBERS NAMES.

V

Rev. Mr. Viney  
 Mr. William Vivyan, Fellow of *C. C. C. Oxford*,  
     Vyvyan, of *Queens College*, ditto  
     Vivers, Fellow of *New College*, ditto  
     Richard Vokings, of *Newbury*  
     Edward Ventris

W

Sir Edward Worsley, of *Gatcombe*, Isle of Wight  
 Thomas Worsley, of *Sombourne*, Esq;  
 Robert Worsley, of *Pidford*, Isle of Wight, Esq;  
 James Worsley, of *Stenbury*, ditto, Esq;  
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 Abraham Weeks, of *Rookley, Hants* Esq;  
 John Willis, of *Ringwood*, Esq;  
 Rev. Mr. James Willis, Vicar of *Sopley*  
 Mr. Thomas Willis, Student at *Winchester College*  
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     Weller, Junr. of ditto  
     Matthew Woodford, Junr. of *Southampton*



# SUBSCRIBERS NAMES. xix.

John Woodford  
 Edward Withers, Junr. Surgeon in *Newbury*  
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     John Watts, of *Basingstoke*  
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 Jecon Wellard, Esq;  
 Mr. Whitmarsh

## Y

Rev. Richard Yates, D. D. of *St. James's Square, London*

## Z

—— Zinzan, M. D. of *Beenham, Berks*

## ERRATA.

Page 7. Line 11. for *cur'd*, read *lur'd*. p. 20. l. 18. for *vinclo*, read *vinclø*.  
 l. 21. for *Vinctorum*, read *Vinclorum*. p. 22. l. 8. for *Pupureos*, read *Purpureos*.  
 p. 23. l. 6. for *vinclo*, read *vinclø*. l. 14. for *sinc*, read *sine*. p. 26. l. 20.  
 for *Pafs*, read *Pafs'd*. p. 28. l. 8. for *suspend*, read *suspend*. l. 20. for  
*alter*. read *altar*. p. 37. l. 9. for *Viginibus*, read *Virginibus*. p. 38. line 1.  
 for *cenferre*, read *conferre*. p. 39. l. 3. for *Fuiarum*, read *Furiarum*. l. 12.  
 for *comitesques*, read *comitesque*. p. 40. l. 2, for *disicerent*, read *deficerent*.  
 l. 6. for *sensus*, read *sensus*. l. 7. for *Ignes*, read *Ignæa*. p. 64. l. 9. for *this*,  
 read *his*.

Reverendis admodum Viris  
Custodi, Archididascalo, Hypodidascalo,

Et Sociis Collegii Wintonienfis,

Hæc Poemata, five potius

Lusus juveniles,

Tyrocinii

Sub eorum Curâ et Patrocinio acti

Gratè Memor,

---

Societati Wiccamicæ

Fauſta omnia precatus

D. D. D.

J. D. COTTON.



*To fit Ti,*  
*Anglicé Cramping.*

---

*Written at WINCHESTER SCHOOL.*

---



EGASUS exultet *Pindo* licet arduus, alti  
Impatiens equitis, me *Bellerephontis* imago  
Effusi, et subito correptus turbine vertex

Ut potius pedes ire velim, cantemque pedestres  
Præmonuit numeros, Pes ergo carminis hujus  
Materies, digitique affini jure sodales.

Siqua puer doctus missas celare placentas  
Secessu intrusus furtivo roderit ore  
Maternum munus, pænæ haud securus, inultam

Non pubem eludet, si quæ nodosa tenaci  
Funiculo virtus, agilique astutia dextræ.

Quis puer exiguam non parco ex ære trientem  
Expromet, lori pretium? futoria merces  
Hoc nummo, validum cerato robore linum  
Vendet, cui setæ peracuto in fine rigescunt  
Porcinæ, quo non funis mordacior alter  
Hærescat digito, aut strictos magè torqueat artus.

Mox, ubi privato consumpsit edulia morfu  
Munera, lorum emitur; jam nox fatalis, avaræ  
Pæna gulæ; dudum siluit compago, seratæ  
Nec crepuere fores, fessos sopor occupat artus:  
Stertiti clamantem vincat quod *Stentora*; nodos  
Jam ligat artifices, cui sit fiducia dextræ  
Subtilis, formatque arcto subtemine filum.

Jam lecto lenté proreptum est, quo tuba nafi  
Monstrat iter, radiis etiam ducente lucernâ  
Auspicioque facis, leviori dextera tactu  
Stragula cauta levat, turpes et leniter ungues  
Exponit, naso stertit tamen ille canoro  
Nescius uſturæ nocturno angore catenæ.

Sic



Sic male *Deiphobus* thalamis edormiit, horâ  
Jam noctis mediâ, nimis heu ! uxorius, artis  
Fæmineæ, et scelerum tantorum ignarus, *Epei*  
Nescius astuti, cum jam fatale minatur  
Ferrum, et sopiti jugulo stat mucro mariti.

Turba jocans sordes digitorum ridet odoras  
Obscænosque pedes, sædum suffimen honestas  
Corrugat nares, præsertim ferveat aura  
Siquandó æstiva, atque exurat *Sirius* agros.  
Non defendit odor, digito sed tortile lorum  
Stringitur, implexos et fortis dextera nexus  
Arctiùs innodat ; varios per somnia tortus  
Dans Magnum horrendumque gemit, crudelis imago  
Territat in somnis, vinctum se compede Furis  
Falsa monet forma elusique Chimæra cerebri.  
Versantem in lecto seque in sua membra plicantem  
Instantes rident pueri miserumque fatigant.  
Qualis *Aristæi* cum vinctus compede *Proteus*  
Indignans torquet corpus, frendetque malignis  
Dentibus, et flavas nequicquam calcât arenas ;  
Torquentem sese et luctantem abrumpere nodos

Ceruleæ

Cæruleæ rident Nymphæ, quæ per mare nantès  
Littora grata petunt, virides ficcantque capillos.

Jam magis accrescit dolor, irrequieta molesto  
Membra toro, vitulos jam dormire marinos  
Definit, ingenti quin personat atria planctu,  
Et veram sentit pœnam, jam pollice crudo  
Uritur, et torto funis ceratus inhæret.

Alternare preces tremebundâ voce minasque  
Cogitur, et dubios singultim promere questus.

Sic Nautæ, quoties violento turbidus Austro  
Corruit imber aquis, nigrâque cohorreat undâ  
Tempestas, clamant trepidi, jam pectore ab imo  
Effudère preces, dubiâ nunc morte laborant  
Atlantes Fluctus, fufum ruit ore rotundo  
Dirarum omne genus, mixtisque alterna profanis  
Vota, audit cælum accentus et conscius æther  
Incertosque sonos de monte repercutit Echo.

Dura nimis pubes : tantine injuria cænæ ?  
Tantasne exesæ pœnas meruere placentæ ?  
Hæcne cupido gulæ ? nodos dissolve, nec ultrâ  
Torqueat implicitos crudelis dextera nexus.

Aspice !



Aspice ! quam mordax crudo de pollice cera  
Raditur, ægroti velut acris pustula tergum  
Excoriat pellemque trahit, torto ore dolorem  
Vix fert extremum, gemitus ciet indè supremos,  
Cum tandem loro requiêrunt membra soluto.

Hic finis digiti tortorum, flebile fatum  
Pænaque avaritiæ : placido si fortè sopori  
Componit caput, eludunt Phantasmata sensus,  
Perfentitque novas dirâ sub imagine pænas,  
Tortor idem terret, mentisque inamabilis angor.

Vos *Wiccamiculi* lecto dormire quieto.  
Si vultis, placidasque sereno pectore noctes  
Transigere, hic faciles præbete attentius aures :  
Sit comitum sincerus amor, communia nunquam  
Sit qui dicta foras eliminet, hic procul absit.  
Introrsum turpis, speciosus pelle decorâ.  
Nullus avaritiæ fautor ; concordia cætus  
*Wiccamicos* beet, et niveis circumvolet alis.  
Sic sine lite dies ; noctes dormire quietas  
Sic dabitur, pænæ nec ludicer ingruet horror.

Poverty.



## P O V E R T Y.

*In Imitation of Mr. PHILIP's Splendid Shilling.*

---

*Written at WINCHESTER SCHOOL.*

---

**H**APPY the man ! whose weighty purse  
contains  
Or yellow gold, pale silver, or the coin  
Of ruddy copper ; he on cheerful thoughts  
Enjoys a mental feast, nor pines with care.  
The chink of gold with gold (transporting sound ! )  
Excels the timbrel, or the Siren's voice  
Harmonious, or the whisper soft  
Of Zephir, warbled thro' the breathing flute  
To sleeping Beauty, by assiduous Love,  
In midnight serenade. Gold, magic spell !

Secures

Secures from wants and woes, from bitter still  
Extracts the sweets of life, and leaves the dregs  
To Poverty and Me. Say, favour'd Youths !  
When from the bag's wide mouth, or secret slit  
Of *Fob*, you joyous draw the glitt'ring gold,  
What pride, what pleasure kindles in your breast !  
Grief flies, nor Mem'ry, if she views, regrets  
Home, happy seat of freedom and delight !  
Where letter'd tyranny no more decrees  
The task laborious, but the vacant mind  
Is free to ev'ry bliss, and cur'd by all,  
Insatiate riots on parental love.

But I nor join the gingling sport of chuck,  
Nor chiming ring my coin, but debtor too,  
Far from the tread of social foot, the Shout  
Of mingled joy, with slow and silent pace,  
Alone thro' unfrequented glades I rove :  
Lost in the mazes of distracting thought,  
My mind too wanders, by no converse cheer'd.

Thus, when the birds in wanton bands combine,  
And round and round in sportive circles glide,

Or

Or perch'd on some tall willow's bending top,  
In joyful concert pour the blended strain ;  
The solitary bat, in chimney's dark,  
Or hollow tree, absconds, nor dares enjoy  
The noon-tide breeze of balmy spring ; when eve  
Prolongs the deep'ning shade, and cheerless night  
Steals o'er the fading landscape, thro' the gloom  
She wings her solitary flight, while ghosts  
Glide silent o'er the haunted green, or start  
At the 'lone owl's shrill scream, ill-omen'd sound !  
But lo ! to sharpen pain with sights of bliss,  
And scourge with Envy's scorpions, where, by years  
Bent double, on her weary arm, an hag  
The loaden basket bears ; tott'ring with haste,  
And grinning she approaches : see ! with joy  
A welcome crowd surrounds her ; money now  
Bears off or Nonpareil, or sweet Permain,  
Or Reinette, golden fruit ! I, like the fam'd  
Tho' wretched *Tantalus*, whom thund'ring *Jove*  
Plung'd into Hell's sulphureous deep abyfs,  
In midst of plenty, poor and meagre stand.

Yet



Yet *Tantalus* one wretched comfort boasts,  
Society in woe ; near him renew'd  
*Prometheus's* liver, doom'd the living food  
Of the still hung'ring Vulture. *Sisyphus*  
Straining each nerve in unavailing toil,  
Up the steep hill scarce moves the pond'rous stone.  
*Ixion*, bound in galling chains, is whirl'd  
Round with the restless wheel. I, wretched I,  
In poverty, that complicated curse, sustain  
The plague of each, no fellow suff'er nigh.

At night I quaff no sweet nectareous juice,  
Nor laugh at merry Pun or jocund tale,  
But, like the damn'd, when *Orpheus* charm'd the  
shades,

With Face distorted screw a painful smile.

While others o'er the golden posset chat,  
Whose yellow streams like fam'd *Pactolus* flow

Redundant, with a Jug of small-beer sip,

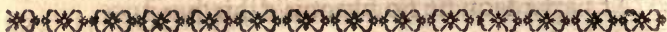
Wants cheerless potion, I deserted sit

Like meagre hermit in a gloomy grot

With trees embower'd, and far from human sight.

To such retreat, from all things vile and vain,

The glare of wealth, and blandishment of joy,  
 O lead me, God of Silence ! hide me here  
 From Insolence and Scorn ; where Poverty  
 Prefides, the poor have peace. Receive me, then,  
 Pale Goddess ! from the shine of Gold I fly.  
 Thus, when the gaudy Sun in glitt'ring car  
 Arises, lo ! afar the gloomy shades  
 Depart, and vanish from the rosy Morn,  
 With *Chaos* mixing and maternal Night.



## A PASTORAL ESSAY.

*Written in 1748.*

---

*Occasion'd by the great ECLIPSE.*

---

**P**ENSIVE sat *Colin* at the break of day,  
 His bleating flocks around him sporting play :  
 New fragrance stealing as they sweep the plain,  
 The morning breezes fan the thoughtful swain ;

On

On quiv'ring wings the songsters of the sky  
 O'er his head hover, or fleet warble by ;  
 But not the beauties that the morn display'd,  
 Nor bleating flocks that sporting round him play'd,  
 Nor fragrant breezes, nor the warbling throng  
 That near him thrill'd the sweetly varied song,  
 Chase from his breast the glooms of dark despair,  
 Or from his brow disperse the Clouds of care ;  
 But lo ! his *Phæbe* with a graceful mien,  
 Now swiftly trips it o'er the distant green ;  
 At her approach he slowly rais'd his head,  
 And thus with looks of love and grief he said.

C O L I N.

'Tis *Thursday* morn, lo ! yonder rising Sun  
 Hastes the last remnant of his course to run,  
 Ere noon 'tis finish'd, and his fading light,  
 Then leaves these fields in everlasting night ;  
 Some gloomy pow'r usurps his golden throne,  
 And sweeps us, *Phæbe*, to some realms unknown,  
 Some unknown realms, where *Phæbe* fought in vain,  
 No more with am'rous wiles shall charm her swain ;

Time



Time was, that *Colin* on thy heaving breast  
 Was sooth'd from care, and lull'd to blissfull rest ;  
 With thee reclining on the mountain's brow,  
 The prospect charm'd, yet lovelier prospect thou !  
 With thee, in dance I lightly trod the green,  
 Blithe as the Fairies by pale moonlight seen.

## P H Æ B E.

○ *Colin* ! let me stop that rising sigh,  
 Sooth thy pain'd breast, and wipe thy swimming eye ;  
 With thee I'll go, whatever woes betide,  
 Cure what I can, and what I can't, divide ;  
 Shou'dst thou thro' air in furious winds be hurl'd,  
 In the same storm I'd drive from world to world ;  
 Shou'dst thou be plung'd below the reach of night ;  
 With thee I'd wander thro' the realms of night ;  
 Shou'dst thou glide silent o'er the haunted plain,  
 With wings of Love I'd catch my darling Swain.

## C O L I N.

Vain frantic thought ! thy *Colin* far from thee  
 Shall soon be waisted, on some stormy sea,  
 Or wrapt in clouds, and blown we know not where,  
 Our



Our pale grim ghosts shall whirl about in air ;  
 Shall thou then bloom thus eminent in charms ?  
 Then can'st thou catch me panting to thy arms ?

P H Æ B E.

But gentle minds a gentler fate shall share,  
 Nor wrapt in clouds nor blown we know not where ;  
 For there are blisful plains, sweet scenes below,  
 Where faithful Lovers never taste of woe ;  
 Where streams for ever purl, and Zephyrs sigh,  
 And rising flow'rs spontaneous sweets supply ;  
 There close embower'd within the myrtle grove,  
 The blest shall triumph in immortal Love ;  
 There ever constant, *Colin* shall abide,  
 And *Phæbe* smile, for ever at his side.

C O L I N.

For faithful Lovers this, for thee remains ;  
 But what for faithless nymphs, and perjur'd Swains ?  
 Inconstant, cruel, I but once was true,  
 True to one Fair, and that one Fair was you ;  
 Inconstant, cruel, to the nymph I woo'd ;

In vain her feet my parting steps pursu'd  
 In vain did *Phillis*, drowning ev'ry grace,  
 Bedew with pearly drops her lovely face ;  
 Deaf to her cries, and to her sorrows blind,  
 To pale despair her love, my scorn resign'd :  
 So shall just Heav'n reject the pray'rs I make,  
 And scorn my sighs and tears, for *Phillis's* sake.

## P H Æ B E.

This hour, repentant, to the Nymph return,  
 For thee her breast still beats, her wishes burn ;  
 Soon reconcil'd, her pray'rs shall rise with thine,  
 A sweet attonement to the pow'rs divine.

## C O L I N.

But say, can'st thou resign my fond embrace,  
 And view a rival happy in thy place ?  
 When thro' *Elysium* at my side she roves,  
 And sighs eternal love in *Pluto's* groves.

## P H Æ B E.

Alas ! thy words have taught my heart to fear ;

To

To *Damon* faithless, tho' to thee sincere ;  
His vows I heard, and bid him hope the bliss,  
Receiv'd his presents, and return'd his kiss ;  
Then proud of conquest, tho' subdu'd by thee,  
With scorn I left him, yet he sighs for me :  
To him I fly, on him my fate depends,  
And mercy still, if he forgives, descends :  
And witness thou, O Sun ! fair orb of light,  
Who soon shall sink, suffus'd in endless night,  
My guilty passion here at once shall end,  
Of *Colin*, now no lover, but a friend ;  
With joy I'll see his years of bliss increase,  
Where falsehood, grief, and jealousy shall cease ;  
*Damon* shall smile to see his *Phæbe* shed  
Elysian flow'rs, o'er happy *Colin's* bed :  
In hallow'd urns to thee, unblam'd, I'll bring  
The cooling crystal of the bubbling spring ;  
No envy there shall social hearts enthrall,  
But each one's bliss, shall be the bliss of all.

She said, high noon arrives ; the lovers found  
The darkness fled, and daylight pour'd around :  
And now, without remorse, th' embolden'd Swain

Hugs



Hugs close his *Phæbe* to his Breast again ;  
 For hapless *Damon*, *Phæbe*'s scorn returns,  
 And all her breast with love for *Colin* burns.  
 Thus oft, with *Fear*, *Repentance* quits the heart :  
 Weigh well the Moral that my strains impart.

T E M P L U M H Y M E N Æ I.

QUAM turbam cerno ? quò tot vestigia ducunt ?  
 Ad templum, O *Hymenæe*, tuum, quo sævior  
 uno

Non Deus, hostiles meditati pectore curas  
 Humano generi, semper tibi jurgia cordi,  
 Præliaque et lites, et linguæ fulmina ; quanquam  
 Clementis speciem præfers, vultuque decoro  
 Blanditias geris, et mendaci astutus oculo  
 Gaudia mille vibras ; quin si quis pectora posset  
 Inspecere, occultasque intus deprendere fraudes,  
 Infidias vitare tuas, et cælibe vitâ

Tranquillum



Tranquillum posset traducere leniter ævum.

En Deus antè fores, quarum de limine flores  
Purpurei arrident, multoque *Cupidine* postes  
Cælati eliciunt vacuum sine pectore turbam.  
Hic nitido (illecebræ dulces) *Venus* aurea curru  
Invehitur, fidasque regit de more columbas :  
Mammarum globuli fusâ nive candidiores,  
Deliciis tumidi, dextrâ trepidante videntur  
Velle premi : pulchram inferiùs decrescere formam  
Et lentè sensim minui justo ordine cernas,  
Quà cestus mediam felix amplexus, amorum  
Felices juxtâ sedes et limen adhæret.  
Nuda genu : leni vestis circumflua vento  
Visa dari, veros mentito marmore flatus.

Aspice quot juvenes (fatalia corpora ! ) templum  
Introeunt redeuntque, fores discrimine nullo  
Dant regum pueris aditum campique colonis.  
Nemo nisi vates, (hac in re scilicet unâ  
Quam felix !) fugit insidias, infanior ipso  
Nympha foret, vati dextram quæ jungeret, ex quo  
In triviis panem fletura poetica proles  
Nascatur, queruloque infestet carmine vicos.

Ecce novo felix juvenis vestitus amictu,  
Nescius, heu ! quæ fata manent, ad templa futuram  
Uxorem ducit, vittisque et flore nitentem  
*Phillida*, quæ dubiâ contristet prole parentem  
Dimidium, et miseros funestet litibus annos.

Sic tauri quos dura manus jam destinat aræ  
Flore coronati frontes, vittisque superbi.  
Compita solenni passu Romana peragrant,  
Nec percussores juxtâ cultrumque minantem  
Respiciunt, festâque revinctos fronde *Quirites*.

Nulli certa quies, posito, ecce ! senecta bacillo  
Florentem ducit gressu titubante puellam,  
Et coitus iterum jam tentatura priores  
Enumerat pugnas, venasque resecta seniles  
Pulvere muscarum *Venerem* cogente futuram,  
Spes vana ! elusæ molitur gaudia sponsæ  
Nequicquam : quid non mortalia pectora cogis  
Auri sacra fames ; Te, te, quæcunque videris  
Nacta voluptatem plenâ locupletior arcâ,  
Cura manet, quanto patriis felicior arvis  
Æquales inter, cum te divina bearet  
Libertas, hilaresque dedit sine conjuge lusus !

Ecce

Ecce autem ad templum gressus ut adurget aniles  
Læta suo *Corydone Chloë*, ficto ille tumultu  
Stringit amans dextram, risus cæca illa procaces  
Se putat elicere, arcanum quos elicit aurum.

Jam flavos animo (fallacia gaudia) nummos  
Enumerat, pretio servili turpiter emptos.  
Invidiâ sine collectis miser undique faccis  
Possè frui dabitur, nocturno frigidus ostro  
Temet ama, pigrisque hyemes inglorius ulnis.  
Quò properas ? nè tende pedes, moderatiùs ito ;  
Noctes atque dies patet alti janua templi,  
Sed revocare gradum durosque abrumpere nexus,  
Hoc opus, hic labor est ; mordacia vincula collo  
Servili hærescent, dum mors clementior illam  
Vel te felicem optatâ tellure recondat.

Vos mihi, *Pierides*, vos mecum cælibe vitâ  
Gaudentes, varias comites monstrate figuras  
Introrsum, et sculpto viventia corpora vitro,  
Conjugii veras, *Vulcania* munera, formas.

Ecce aras suprâ capiti quam dira minentur  
Cornua, quæ thalamos decorent horrenda futuros ;

Qualia



Qualia nec jactat domini caput arietis, altos  
 Dum peragrat montes, comitesque in pascua ducit  
 Lanigeras, curvosque ostendit frontis honores.  
 Qualia nec, *Vulcanæ*, geris, dum vincula *Marti*  
 Subdolus innectas, nudæque insignia sponsæ  
 In lucem rapias, et mystica prodis amorum.

Lunarum formas dextrâ lævâque frequentes  
 Cernere erit, quarum toto pars plenior orbe  
 Melle novo rident, flavescit circulus auro ;  
 Cujus et in medio, variæ læto ordine formæ,  
 Et *Venus*, et *Nymphæ* exultant, puer ipse *Cupido*  
 Turbâ alatorum fratrum comitante, choreas  
 Ludicer exercet sociosque instigat amores.  
 Ast aliis orbes sensim decrescere cernas,  
 Cornua felle virent, flentes hinc inde figuræ  
 Et Dolor, et mælesuada Fames, et turpis Egestas  
 Circumstant, Iræque et non placabile Bellum.

Parte aliâ conjux victo malè nexus ahenos  
 Belligeræ uxori, demisso vertice, duos  
 (Stultitiæ pænas) infelix sustinet ictus.  
 Victorum nodos abrumpere velle videtur :

Nequicquam ;



Nequicquam ; insequitur dextrâ lævâque fatigans.

Ecce manu capiti oppositâ, cubitoque reflexo  
In genua, infelix juvenis, similisque dolenti  
Assidet uxori, furtivos nescit amores,  
Nec ruptura cutem frontis turgentia sentit  
Cornua, delusum quasi vulneris inscia, sponsum  
Illa foveat, veras fallaci pectore curas  
Mentita, ægroto simul ægrotatque marito.

Undique cornutos oculo percurrite fratres,  
Debita connubiorum inhonestâ fronte gerentes  
Præmia, servili pariter nexosque catenâ.  
Heu nimium miseros ! quam spes illufit inanis !  
Gaudia qui nuper (quid non sibi somnia fingunt)  
Sperârunt animo, dum latro alvearia cælebs  
Possidet, et flavos avidè rimatur acervos,  
Mel totum rapiens, fel tantum et amara quieto  
(Reliquias turpes) relinquens impunè marito.

Quin vestiga oculis et dextro pariete formam  
Aspicias placidam, læto ridere videtur  
Jucundum vultu ; quibus hæc exorsa voluptas  
Auspiciis homini ? quid sit nisi mortua conjux ?

Pullati

Pullati circum lætum et funebre tuentes  
Gaudia testantur, terram subitura parentem  
Portantur inulto (bona fata) cadavera collo.  
Antè aras supplex binos de more juvencos  
*Plutoni* cædit, fessâ qui vincula rupit  
Cervice, ingentemque tibi, *Proserpina*, vaccam.  
Sanguineas effusa comas furialis *Erynnis*  
Pupureos regum thalamos, inopumque sopores  
Stramineos pugnis et sævâ lite molestat.

Ecce toros circum *Cythæra* frequensque *Cupido*  
Purpureos sternunt flores, dum melleus ordo  
Lunarum nondum lites admittit; at indè  
Friget amor, motu alarum mox agminè factò  
Aufugiunt. *Iræ* ardentes *Furiæque* cruentæ  
Turbatos abigunt vultuque et voce minaces.  
Pars *Stygios* latices et nigri flumen *Averni*  
Pestiferum circumfundunt, dirique jugales  
Inficiunt fucci lethali aspergine lectos.  
Pars vigilès circum, fatalia munera, curas  
Spargere amant et mixtarum discordia rerum  
Semina, quæ vitam suprema ad fata molestant.

Sat lustratum oculis, jamdudum ægrefcere cæpi,  
Et corpus mentemque novus circumstetit horror ;  
*Musa* ! gradum retrò flectas, properèque reductos  
Templum extrà mihi siste pedes lucemque revisas.

Jamque opus exegi mihi saltem exempla daturum  
Nè cui me vincto vellem sociare jugali.  
At nuper vix non miserorum infanior horum  
Menumero addideram, cum *Nympha Ægyptia Phæbo*  
Plena Deo, diræque mihi prænuntia fortis,  
Assè dato, tales misero denuntiat iras.

” Uxorem fac evites, sævosque *Hymenæos* :

” Gaude forte tuâ ; nam si potiore metallis

” Libertate cares, et te connubia tentent,

” Illæti sine pace dies, et noctis amaræ

” Te vigiles curæ litesque et bella manebunt.

” (Dedecus æternum) jam fronti turgida cerno

” Cornua”. Sic fatur, pressoque obmutuit ore.

Sic, *Hymenæe*, tuis (*Dii* nobis omina firment)

Illusi infidiis, sic me servavit *Appollo*.





*The* T E M P L E of H Y M E N.

*Translated from the Latin.*

**W** H E R E leads yon path by hasty thousands  
trod ?

To *Hymen's* temple — unrelenting God !  
Sworn foe to human kind, whose bosom breeds  
Keen taunts, debate, and strife, and hostile deeds,  
Conceal'd from mortal eye with specious guile,  
Beneath the soft address, and placid smile :  
His eye deceitful sparkles with delight,  
And all the blandishments of art invite.  
Ah ! wou'd some pitying pow'r to man reveal  
The fatal fraud these borrow'd looks conceal.  
Unwedded then his life might long be blest,  
And late old age but change delight to rest.

Before



Before the lofty gate the God behold !  
 Where fragrance breathes, and purple flow'rs unfold ;  
 Where sculptur'd beauty kindles fierce desire,  
 And fair destruction gazing fools admire.  
 Here laughing *Venus* in her car reclin'd,  
 At leisure guides her doves, and mounts the wind ;  
 Her naked bosom, more than iv'ry white,  
 Swells with soft wishes and conceiv'd delight,  
 The trembling hand of rapture courts to stray,  
 And seems to chide the diffident delay.  
 Less by degrees the taper waist is found,  
 Her happy Cestus clasps the blissful round ;  
 The sportive gales that waft her on the way,  
 High as the dimpled knee the leg display ;  
 The clinging lawn but ill conceals the rest,  
 While scarce the zone confines the struggling vest.

Behold what numbers, a devoted train,  
 Now enter, now depart, the fatal fane,  
 Whose spacious portals wide display'd admit  
 Alike the Prince and Peasant, fool and wit.  
 None but the Bard, in this, this only blest,

D

Eludes

Eludes the snare, distinguish'd from the rest.  
Nor yet so rash, so blind the female race,  
To take a Bard's right hand, and wed disgrace.  
Abhorr'd conjunction ! from the guilty bed,  
Young Bard's, a wretched progeny, are bred,  
Who roam unhous'd and beg for broken meat,  
Or scream sad elegies from street to street.

See yon gay youth with flatt'ring hopes elate,  
New dress'd, unconscious of impending fate,  
Approach the temple with his future bride,  
In ribbons deck'd, and *Flora's* painted pride.  
This bride a doubtful offspring soon shall bear,  
In whom he claims but half a father's share ;  
With her in mis'ry shall the wretch grow old,  
And pine in silence while he hears her scold.  
So, deck'd with garlands, the young bull decreed  
With solemn rites by holy hands to bleed,  
Blind to the future, of the present vain,  
Enjoy'd the shouts of all the festive train,  
Pass proudly slow the crowded streets of *Rome*  
Nor knew the lifted knife pronounc'd his doom.

Sec

See palsy'd age his faithful crutch forsake,  
With falt'ring steps a youthful wife to take,  
The wanton wish survives the genial hour ;  
To drugs he flies, and hopes returning pow'r ;  
In vain ; the Virgin disappointed grieves,  
Nor bridal joy the bride miscall'd receives :  
Ah ! with what dreadful phrenzy gold inspires !  
In thirst for gold each softer wish expires.  
But thou, who e'er thou art, thy wish possess'd,  
A wither'd husband, and a crouded chest,  
The slave of care, henceforth shall never know,  
The joys that liberty and peace bestow,  
Joys which the rural sport and native field,  
Were wont in virgin innocence to yield.

But see, where *Chloe* bending now with years,  
A toothless bride ! with *Corydon* appears.  
The youthful bridegroom tender tumults feigns,  
And moulds her hands imboss'd with purple veins,  
She fondly smiling with autumnal joy,  
Applauds her charms, tho' gold allures the boy :  
In thought e'en now, he counts the shining store,  
And



And hopes in wealth a bliss unknown before :  
Deceitful hope ! the wealth that guilt acquires,  
Shall swell thy bosom with unquench'd desires.  
What Gold can give unenvy'd shall be thine,  
Stretch'd on the joyless bed in sloth supine,  
There clasp thy consort's antiquated charms,  
Care in thy Heart, and winter in thy arms.  
Ah ! stop, ah ! yet thy fatal haste suspend,  
All day, all night, yon fatal doors extend ;  
But these once past repentance is too late,  
The galling chain for ever binds like fate,  
Loos'd but by death, to each the happier lot,  
Curs'd while ye live, ye wish to die forgot.

Celestial Maids ! who led by Wisdom's choice,  
Like me in blest celibacy rejoice,  
Ye *Muses* ! shew me what yon walls contain,  
What sculptur'd Emblems grace the wond'rous fane,  
*Vulcanian* gifts by godlike labour wrought,  
With mystic sense and deep instruction fraught.

High o'er yon alter, lo ! what horns are spread,  
Such horns as these may grace the genial bed,  
Such



Such Horns nor boasts the father of the fold,  
Who climbs the mountain desperately bold,  
Or leads the fleecy flock thro' plains below,  
And waves the spiral honours of his brow,  
Nor such thou *Vulcan*, while the subtle snare  
For *Mars* thou forgest and thy wedded fair,  
The guilty myst'ries of their stol'n delight  
To Gods display'd, untimely snatch'd from night.

Unnumber'd moony forms around I view,  
Some with full orbs, and drench'd in honey'd dew;  
The broad circumf'rence sheds a golden ray,  
Within a thousand wanton figures play;  
With sportive Nymphs there *Venus* leads the dance,  
With *Cupid* there the laughing *Loves* advance;  
To am'rous sports the jocund train excite,  
And tender dalliance and mysterious rite.

But other orbs with paler rays appear,  
And waning Moons that shew but half a sphere:  
Green are the horns with gall; on either side  
Pale Want is seen, and Grief to Want ally'd.  
Here grin the *Furies*, there *Bellona* storms,  
And all the Woes appear in all their forms.

See to the right a wretched husband ty'd  
With brazen Chains, and to an hostile bride.  
Fast by the neck constrain'd and stooping low,  
He bears, his folly's meed, the ruthless blow,  
To break his bonds he strives, but strives in vain,  
From right and left the blows descend amain.

That youth his head on both his hands reclines,  
His knees his arms sustain ; he sick'ning pines,  
Plac'd near his wife, nor knows she stains his bed,  
Nor feels the Horns just budding on his head ;  
Him with feign'd love she soothes to lenient rest,  
Hiding the tenor of her fraudulent breast,  
Seems by fond sympathy to feel his pains,  
Sighs when he sighs, and when he groans complains.

Behold around the brethren of the horn,  
Whom circling chains, and nuptial gifts adorn ;  
How wretched these ! there hopes how high, how  
vain !

But all things dreams and lunacy can feign :  
From *Hymen's* mingled bowl, with fly deceit,  
The happy Batchelor extracts the sweet,

The

The bitter dregs he leaves, the husband's share,  
Who drinks contented what his friend can spare.

But see yon favour'd mortal to the right  
Exult with sudden joy, unhop'd delight :  
Ah ! what on wretched man, the child of woe,  
Can such wild extasy of bliss bestow ?  
What ! but a wife, by bounteous fate allow'd,  
A wife all peace, all beauty, in a shroud !  
The Sable train, whom pious rites employ,  
Perceive, approve, and catch funereal joy :  
On six supporting shoulders now convey'd,  
The corps in earth's paternal lap is laid ;  
Two heifers now to gloomy *Pluto* bleed,  
Who from the galling chain his suppliant freed ;  
And now to *Proserpine* a cow full grown,  
Such rites impiety neglects alone ;  
For dread *Erynnis* never known to spare,  
The hell-born *Fury* with the gory hair,  
Strews with like rage the purple bed of Kings,  
And hind's straw couch, with matrimonial stings..

Oft

Oft o'er the bed fair *Venus*, and her boy,  
 Strew flow'rs, delicious in the month of joy ;  
 That transient season past, at once they fly,  
 Chas'd by the *Furies*, who their place supply ;  
 These, where the flow'rs bloom'd, shed *Stygian* dew,  
 Whence various plagues and contests fierce ensue ;  
 Or round the bed, where peace no more shall sleep,  
 Bid pining cares perpetual vigils keep,  
 What e'er thro' life incessant anguish brings,  
 Hate, tumult, rage, and all discordant things.

Sick of these scenes of woe, cold damps distill  
 From ev'ry limb, my heart strange horrors fill :  
 Lead me, ye *Muses*, from this mournful fane :  
 The maids consent, the realms of light I gain.

To me indulgent heav'n this warning lent,  
 Without a wife admonish'd to content ;  
 Yet ev'n my neck had felt the galling yoke,  
 But thus a Gipsy, full of *Phæbus*. spoke,  
 Her hand a farthing cross'd, " Rash youth ! beware,  
 " Before thee youth and beauty spread the snare ;  
 " Ah ! shun that complicated curse, a wife,

" Nor



" Nor sell thy liberty for gold and strife.  
 " Seduc'd to wedlock sleep thy couch shall fly,  
 " Nor peace the Night, nor joy the day supply :  
 " Then o'er thy brows the spreading horns shall bend,  
 " And shame and care thy pensive steps attend.  
 She said ; her closing lips her finger press'd,  
 And still with liberty my life is bless'd ;  
 Propitious pow'rs confirm the blessing mine,  
 The praise, O *Phæbus* ! all the praise be thine.



# V E R S E S,

*In Answer to some from WESTMINSTER SCHOOL,*

*In praise of the celebrated Miss G——G.*

*Suppos'd to be written from WINCHESTER SCHOOL,*

*in 1750.*

SAY, gentle *Muse*, of all thy laureat train,  
 That haunt *Parnassus*, ever verdant plain,  
 E OF

Of all that drink the deep *Pindaric* spring  
 Shall only *Westminster* presume to sing ?  
 Say, Queen of Beauty (for thou know'st full well)  
 Goddess of love, enchanting *Venus*, tell,  
 Of all the nymphs whom thou hast made thy care,  
 O say, is G——g, only G——g, fair ?  
 What tho' the lark can swell his tuneful throat,  
 Tho' sweet his harmony and soft his note,  
 When thro' the air he moves his quiv'ring wing,  
 Dare ye to say, the Linnet cannot sing ?  
 What tho' the swans in purest white's array,  
 Sportive along the crystal waters play,  
 Can partial blinded Judgment disavow  
 The virgin whiteness of the fleecy snow ?  
 Know then, ye haughty bards (if such ye are)  
*Winton* can sing and P——t too is fair.  
 She ne'er the gaudy pride of courts has known,  
 Mix'd with the Belles, and flaunted thro' the town.  
 Secure of fame from innocence and ease,  
 She scorns the gilded arts of dress to please ;  
 Her native charms without deceit allure,  
 Hold fast each heart, and make her conquests sure.  
True

True all have list'ned to the voice of fame,  
And distant regions hear'd of G——g's name ;  
Each painting artist has describ'd each grace,  
Each comely feature of her beauteous face :  
*P—t* owes nothing to the painter's art,  
Her picture lives in each beholder's heart.

Were I with genius as with passion fraught,  
To give due birth to each enchanting thought ;  
Were I with Poet's true expression blest,  
To pour forth half the raptures of my breast,  
Could Verse do justice to her shape and air,  
Were but my colours strong as she is fair,  
To future ages I'd transmit her fame,  
And grace my lines with lovely *P—t*'s name.

But thou fair Nymph, these artless lays receive,  
Condemn the Verse, but oh ! the bard forgive,  
Who all the pangs despair can fancy proves,  
Who would, alas ! but dares not say, he loves.  
Within these walls from all your sex confin'd  
To serious studies which improve the mind,  
To trace the precepts of the wise and good,

To



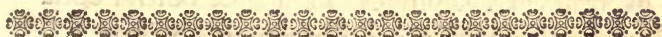
To view the paths that antient sages trod,  
 Dare we, recluse from scenes of love, impart  
 The tender dictates of a bleeding heart ?  
 Dare we in sighing billet doux complain,  
 Avow our passion, and declare our pain ?  
 Yes, I am doom'd this pleasing pain to prove,  
 And stern Philosophy must yield to Love.

True, I have studied *Tully's* awful page,  
 And rev'rence hoary *Cato's* peaceful age ;  
 The rules for friendship's sacred bonds delight,  
 Where virtue pleases, and her charms invite :  
 But I am young, nor have I yet forgot  
 The softer strains that tender *Ovid* wrote ;  
 Nor will I here from *Tully's* precepts run,  
 For love and friendship shall be join'd in one.

On this blest theme I could for ever dwell,  
 Admire those beauties which no tongue can tell,  
 No pen describe or *Phæbus* e'er reveal. }  
 Desist, my *Muse*, th' unequal task forbear,  
 The verse detracts, altho' the bard's sincere.  
 Presume not to enlarge on themes like these,  
 Lest you offend where you intend to please.

Yet

Yet thou, kind Nymph, however dull my lay,  
With one kind look th' unworthy lines repay.  
Would'ft thou for once the pains I feel beguile,  
And grant the cheerful tribute of a smile,  
Unenvy'd *Westminster* the crown should bear,  
And on their heads triumphant laurels wear ;  
Aspire to fame, and merit ample praise ;  
Be mine the *Daphne*, and be theirs the bays.



*Locus apud inferos Viginibus Vetulis Secretus,*  
*Sexti Libri Virgilii versui 476 addendus.*

**N**ON procul hinc habitant, quæ funus adus-  
que supremum,  
Connubii exfortes, et læti munere amoris,  
Consenuere, agris hic turba senilis oberrat  
Arentes inter quercus, herbasque veneno  
Pestifero tumidas, nemus et ferale cupressi.  
Simia cuique comes, laterique fidelis adhæret

Prompta

Prompta gradus censerre pares, circum undique  
cantus

Exercet Bubo, vocemque in carmina ducit.

Garrulus hos tremula campos circumvolat ala  
Psittacus, et vidua confidens arbore, linguam  
In lepida exacuit ludibria, spargere voces  
Ignotas gaudens alieno ex ore receptas.

Has inter sylvas vitreâ fons limpidus undâ  
Defluit, at non qui trepido lenique susurro  
Murmuret ad Zephyros, somnoque oblivia curæ  
Inducat, sed qui rugas frontemque senilem  
Ostendat, turpesque genas, vultûsque ruinas  
Tomenti genus—hinc Diræ, indignatio, et ira  
Majori sulco rictus diducit hiantes.

Ut torquent oculorum orbes ! ut dente maligno  
Liventes rodunt ungues ! ridere videtur  
Lympha procax, risuque senili illudere turmæ.

Continuò aufugiunt pariter, passuque trementi  
Abripiunt sese, et speculum sibi quæque requirit  
Ritè suum, exsuccos dudum speciosius artus  
Quo prius ornat, florentem imitata puellam  
Indueratque novo nec jam sua membra decore.

Talia



Talia nequicquam sibi dum solatia quærunt,  
Et recolunt vanos mendaci fronte triumphos,  
Has sibi quam similes ! *Fuiarum* maxima, nifu  
Usque reluctantes retrahit, cogitque videri  
Se sibi jam invisas ; tum fæmineo ululatu  
Lamentantur, et indignantes pectora plangunt  
Flaccida certatim, tantum sibi cuique videndo  
Displicet os, faciesque ultrix et conscius horror.

Hinc datur *Elysios* etiam prospectus in agros,  
Majus Tormentum, ut tumeant livore, nec unquam  
Detur adesse quies, hinc omnes ordine longo  
Felices spectant juvenes, comitesques beatis  
Agminibus nymphas, lascivo flumina circum  
Gaudentes lusu, mollique in gramine ripæ  
Cœtu hilari choream ducentes. Personat illic  
Auratâ juvenis citharâ, reclinis in umbrâ,  
Quam circumfundunt myrteta aurita, canenti  
Cui nymphea affidit, risu adblandita protervo,  
Dum revocat, sociæque suos inspirat amores ;  
Dulce canit, vetulæ auditu indoluere sorores,  
Et visu ægrescunt, aversaque lumina torquent

A nemore, et juvenum digitis monstrantur euntes.  
Sæpe et dificerent animis, caderentque solutis  
Viribus, adstaret gelidæ nisi copia lymphæ,  
Quæ, raptim sparso super ora caduca liquore,  
Irrorare novum per torpida membra calorem  
Possit, dum sensus incusso frigore adurit  
Ignes potantùm bene notæ pocla Genevæ,  
Et diros latices nitroque et sulphure tinctos.

Heu nimium miseræ ! quam vellent æthere in alto  
Virginei expertes oneris, fovisse maritum  
In gremio unanimum, legesque iniisse jugales !  
Fata vetant et dira *Stygis* circumfluit unda,  
Ne dulces natos, *Veneris* nec præmia norint.

Desuper horrendas dum, *Sisyphe*, respicis umbras  
Immenso innitens saxo insudansque labori  
Jam minus incusas fatum, leviusque videtur  
Versari saxum, tanto majus tormentum  
Invidiæ stimuli mentisque inamabilis angor :  
Nam recolunt cum vita fuit, cum floruit ætas  
Quot petiere proci quondam, quos *improbis* error  
Terruit amplexu mistoque superbia fastu.

Non

Non rota, non tanto cruciatu mordicus ales  
Afficeret mentem humanam, quanto gravis angor  
Invidiæ, priscæque simul mens conscia culpæ.  
Quæque suum patitur crimen, cum floruit ætas,  
Et decor erubuit vultu, ceu vere renato  
Purpurei rident flores, hæc conscia formæ  
Languidulos juvenes fastu enecat, atque superba  
Victrices jactat veneres, et fulgur ocelli.  
At simul irradians oculorum elanguit ignis  
Pigra acies senio nil jam lethale minatur,  
Dilapsa in cineres flamma est, juvenesq; protervi  
Agnoscent vetulam, mox turpe et inutile pondus  
Decedit, moriensque fororibus occubat umbris.

Vultu aliæ informes, verum convivia nautis  
Hæ fierent avidis, cum plenâ forté crumenâ  
Littoribus patriis aderant, de gente profecti  
Occiduâ, fessi nigras tractando puellas.  
At duri facies abnormis pectoris index,  
Spurcitiesque animi fædo cum corpore juncta,  
Et quæ primitias blandum et conamen amoris  
Legitimi renuit, rabies felinâ, morosas  
*Elysis* excludit, servatque ad tristia fata.

Queis curâ in terris fuerat miscere venenum,  
Et votis excire *Hecaten*, queis spargere dictis  
Probra malis, eadem sequitur tellure repostas,  
Cœtu aliæ inferno diras ad pocla Genevæ  
Hospitio excipiunt *Furias* ; hic omnibus omnes  
Invidiâ tumidæ spargunt convicia, sicut  
In terris solitæ, seu falsa an vera loquuntur,  
Immiscent aliis odii lethalia pocla,  
Rumoresque serunt varios, sibi nequa fidelem  
Adsciscat socium, sed spe lætetur inani.

Et lædunt nimium faciles in amore puellas,  
Probo insectantes, quæ libavere vel unam  
Nempe voluptatem, et sibi dulcia furta tulere

Jam tum concilium instituunt, animamque re-  
centem

Proque tribunali stantem, sub imagine falsâ  
Exagitant, vitam inquirunt, subiguntque fateri  
De culpâ nondum compertâ, dein ore severo  
Unâ omnes damnare volunt fremituque laceffunt.  
Scilicet ut niteat virtus integrior ipsis,  
Cum rea quæque velit fieri, nec posse videri.

Intuitu



Intuitu *Æneas*, turpes agnoverat umbras,  
Et (ne, quam pulchrè nôrat, convicia linguæ  
Fæmineæ audiret, cuiquam neve obviùs iret,  
Teter et inficeret fœtentis anhelitus oris)  
Horrefcens torfit caput, ægrefcensque videndo  
Retro gradum flexit formas exofus aniles.



DESCRIPTION of a Place in the infernal Regions  
allotted to OLD MAIDS ; to follow Verse  
476 of Virgil's 6th *Æn.*

**N**OT far from hence, an unrelenting crew,  
The foes of wedlock, e'en to death, we view ;  
A gloomy race, to joyous love unknown,  
Grown old together in the virgin zone :  
Where the rank herbage swells with pois'nous juice,  
And sapless oaks a barren shade produce,  
Or cypress forms the sad funereal grove,  
These dreary ghosts disconsolately rove :

Faithful,

Faithful, on each attends, with equal pace,  
A try'd companion of the monkey race :  
Here the grave owl repeats his solemn songs,  
And, pleas'd, the solitary notes prolongs ;  
Here chatt'ring parrots flutter on the wing,  
Or, perch'd on leafless branches, whet their sting,  
The poignant tongue, that wounds with borrow'd  
    spleen,

And prates, self-pleas'd what uninform'd they glean.

Amid these groves, no clear translucent streams  
To zephyr sigh, or lull to pleasing dreams ;  
A drear, still lake too faithfully reflects  
Age, wrinkles, all a ruin'd front's defects,  
Plac'd here to punish ; when the hag surveys  
Herself, once theme of long-remember'd praise ;  
Tenfold deform'd with rage, her face appears,  
And indignation aids the frown of years ;  
Pierc'd at the sight, they roll their eyes with pain,  
And bite their nails with gnashing teeth in vain ;  
E'en now th' insulting waters from within  
Mock the writh'd visage with a toothless grin :

With.

With looks averted, from the lake they start,  
 With trembling steps, and seek the glass of art  
 The fav'rite mirror, by long rites their own,  
 In happier days of sweet delusion known,  
 When their dry limbs cosmetic arts could grace,  
 And breathe a youthful freshness on their face ;  
 When all the ravages of time conceal'd  
 A form not theirs, with triumph was reveal'd :  
 But while in vain they wish these lenient wiles,  
 Of Age's conquests dream, and Cunning's spoils,  
*Alecto* comes, these flatt'ring dreams to break,  
 And back, reluctant, drags them to the lake,  
 Compels them here their Image to behold,  
 Their faithful image, ugly, lean and old :  
 Self-view'd, self-hated, with an hideous yell,  
 They beat their breasts, and add new pains to hell,  
 Such madness, looks of rage, and horror raise,  
 From each to each reflected, as they gaze.

From hence 'tis giv'n to view Elysium's fields,  
 A keener curse than gloomy *Tart'rus* yields ;  
 This bids pale Envy's scorpion-scourge provoke

Pangs.

Pangs yet unfelt, with never-ceasing stroke.  
There they behold an ever-blissful hand  
Of youths and maids, united hand in hand,  
Who tread in wanton dance the flow'ry green,  
While am'rous wiles and kisses intervene.

A youth, reclin'd beneath a fragrant bow'r,  
Sings, to his golden lyre, Love's gentle pow'r ;  
His blooming temples wreaths of myrtle bind,  
His fav'rite maid hangs o'er him fondly kind ;  
With wanton blandishments she fans desire,  
And, from his music, steals congenial fire.

Sweet is the song—the ancient sisters sigh,  
And turn from scenes of bliss their sick'ning eye,  
The youthful finger pointing marks their flight,  
And a short trance relieves their aking sight ;  
But soon they feel, recover'd to their woe,  
O'er the dead visage the cold water flow,  
Their sprinkled limbs from hence new vigour gain,  
And sudden chilness wakes the sense to pain,  
Their sense who quaff Geneva's liquid flame,  
And hell's sulphureous Cup, the draught of shame.

How



How wretched these ! what ardent wishes rise  
That all the maid had been an husband's prize !  
That, while on earth, to some fond stripling kind,  
They'd left this curst virginity behind ;  
The fates forbid— and Styx, tremendous found !  
The dreadful Styx, forever locks them round—  
'Tis past—the bliss that tender mothers own,  
And fair *Cytherea's* gift must ne'er be known,

On this drear spot, which horrid shades embrown,  
When thou, O *Sisyphus* ! look'st backward down.  
As painful heaving the huge stone's vast weight,  
Say, sweating, dost thou still accuse thy fate ?  
The stone, now lighter in proportion found,  
As more intense the smart of Envy's wound,  
As yet more keen the constant pang must prove,  
Now to despair of once rejected Love.  
For busy mem'ry life's lost bloom renews,  
And ev'ry youth that fought their love reviews,  
All whom a guilty pride and coy disdain,  
Frown'd from their arms, and doom'd to sigh in vain.

Nor wheels, nor vultures can torment the mind;  
Like

Like Envy's rage with conscious guilt combin'd;  
 Each her own crime repents with fruitless woe,  
 And their own punishment their crimes bestow.

When youth's gay season bloom'd with ev'ry grace,  
 And opening beauty blush'd upon the face,  
 As various flow'rs adorn the rising year,  
 When laughing nature glows with joy sincere,  
 Yon nymph, too vain of conscious beauty grew,  
 And whom her love cou'd save, her caprice flew;  
 Boastful and proud of desolating charms,  
 And those bright eyes which fatal ligh'ning arms.  
 But when that ligh'ning arms their eye no more,  
 Now dim'd in age, its dreaded influence o'er,  
 When the coy swain discern's the matron's air,  
 The furrow'd forehead and the whitening hair,  
 Soon the stale nuisance sinks to realms of woe,  
 And, dying, joins her sister shades below.

There are whose youth no blooming charm can boast,  
 Yet these the *Tar* indelicate can toast,  
 When, absent long, on *India's* distant shore,  
 Rich he returns, and negroes please no more.

But

But the rude feature, index of the mind,  
Foul soul and body in fit union join'd,  
The savage fierceness, which repels the suit  
Of lawful love, and spurns the *Cyprian* fruit,  
Exclude for ever from *Elysian* plains,  
And doom'd to endless penalties and pains.

Those who on earth the baleful mixture brew'd,  
Who oft to *Hecate* their vows renew'd,  
And spread detraction whispers, false, and fell,  
Pursue the same detested task in hell.

These 'midst the infernal band new rites begin,  
And treat the furies with their fav'rite gin,  
Here each on each with envy glares, and all  
In mutual calumny give gall for gall ;  
As once on earth, the tale, or false or true,  
The mingled cup of dreadful hate they brew,  
That none with pleasing confidence may trust,  
But all suspect alike the best and worst.

With keen reproach they persecute the shade,  
By faithless vows to lawless love betray'd,  
Who once, but once, enjoy'd the stol'n delight,  
And hid the pleasing thief from vulgar sight.

A council's call'd, a recent ghost they try,  
 Predoom'd the culprit, tho' her charge a lye,  
 Her life they canvass, and the wretch constrain,  
 To own a crime of which no proof they gain;  
 Prompt to condemn, with spleen and rage they swell;  
 And shout the sentence in a gen'ral yell.  
 Well might less virtue equal triumph win,  
 Tho' willing, these could ne'er be thought to sin.

Struck with dumb horror at so near a view,  
 What these foul spectres were *Æneas* knew;  
 And lest, well known and dreaded, he should hear  
 Loud female clamours thunder at his ear,  
 Or lest th' infection of a tainted breath  
 Should meet and blast him with immediate death,  
 Sickening he turn'd, and with disorder'd pace,  
 Shun'd the lean, nauseous, antiquated race.



*Fidelio*





F I D E L I O and C O R D E L I A,

A T A L E.

---

*Tædæ quoque jure coissent ;  
Sed vetuere PATRES : quod non potuere vetare,  
Ex æquo captis ardebant mentibus ambo.*

Ovid : Metam : Lib : 4 Ver : 60.

**M**Y Muse her lyre to no mean flatt'ry strings,  
For no dread Lord in fervile numbers sings ;  
Ne'er has she join'd th' aspiring sons of fame,  
To court applause, and seek an empty name ;  
Ne'er on Ambition's soaring wing has try'd  
To deck her temples with the wreaths of pride ;  
Her humble strains and artless lays rehearse,  
In no harmonious but in friendly Verse,  
What none but souls by nature soft can feel,

And

And what no breath but that of Love can tell ;  
 Well pleas'd, if *Cupid* would for once approve  
 And flutter smiling o'er these lays of love ;  
 Supremely blest, would *Venus* see them laid  
 Soft on the bosom of some fav'rite maid ;  
 On that fair bed of sweetness to excite  
 One gentle dream of tenderness at night.

Ere earthly laws repeal'd the laws above,  
 Defy'd th' Almighty, and forbad to love,  
 In a sweet village near the banks of *Thame*,  
 Who rolls in stately waves his lordly stream,  
 A lovely maiden dwelt ; the choicest care  
 Of a fond parent, who had nought but her  
 To smoothe the rugged brow of black despair ;  
 For late his consort had resign'd her breath,  
 And fall'n reluctant in the arms of Death ;  
 There lay untimely lost, a world of charms,  
 Too, too delicious ! for that tyrant's arms,  
 There to remain, 'till blessed souls of love  
 Shall meet in realms of happiness above.  
*Gordelia* was her name, who late had seen

The

The gay and blooming period of sixteen.  
 Had I the genius of a *Pope* or *Gay*,  
 To guide my pen, and swell my tuneless lay,  
 Could they within my breast their thoughts infuse,  
 Inspire my soul, and animate my *Muse*.  
 Then, fraught with thrilling passion should she rise,  
 And paint the killing lustre of her eyes ;  
 Then would I tell how sweet the nymph, how fair,  
 Her mien how comely, and how blithe her air ;  
 Then would I tell with rapture unconfin'd  
 The various beauties of her form and mind :  
 But, O ! nor *Pope*, nor *Gay* could e'er rehearse,  
 In all their sweet luxuriancy of Verse,  
 The various beauties that adorn and grace  
 Each comely feature of her lovely face ;  
 Sweeter than *Shakespear's Juliet* can appear,  
 Than *Fenton's* \* *Queen*, or *Otway's Belvidere* ;  
 Sweeter than Poet's fancy can conceive,  
 Sweeter than *Milton* has describ'd his *Eve*.

Bless'd with a quiet and a calm retreat,  
 Health's peaceful mansion, and Contentment's seat,  
 Bless'd with parental fondness, to improve

The

\* *Mariamne*. Vid: *Mr. FENTON's Play* so called.



The sweets of filial tenderness and love,  
 Devoid of care, anxiety, and strife,  
 Sworn foes to man, the bane of social life,  
 The fair *Cordelia* pass'd her golden days,  
 In virtuous innocence, and rural ease.  
 No wak'ning thoughts disturb her mind at night,  
 No dreary Phantoms in her dreams affright ;  
 Soft Sleep steals gently to her downy nest,  
 Soft as the bosom that it lulls to rest :  
 There, 'till *Aurora* streaks with gold the skies,  
 Calm and serene the tender virgin lies,  
 When from her silken slumbers breaking soon,  
 She rises cheerful as the rising Sun.  
 Her beauties op'ning to the morn display  
 Ten thousand graces to the new-born day ;  
 The virgin lilly whitens on her neck,  
 And blooming health sits smiling on her cheek.

If Spring, the garden now invites the fair,  
 To breathe the fragrance of the vernal air ;  
 Cheerful and gay around the walks she roves,  
 To meet the morning breezes from the groves,

Attentive



Attentive listens to the linnet's song,  
Sweeter than music from the *Siren's* tongue,  
Harmonious notes ! that waking nature cheer,  
Swell in the breeze, and soften on the ear.

Now to her Father, loving and belov'd,  
By filial tenderness and fondness mov'd,  
Joyous she hies, array'd in native charms,  
And brings her morning welcome to his arms.  
With eager transport to his bosom prest  
Rapt'rous he clasps the maid supremely blest,  
Dwells on each feature of her lovely face,  
Each rip'ning beauty, and each smiling grace,  
There with a secret transport he descries  
The Mother's softness languish in her eyes ;  
She speaks ; the Mother's voice ; she smiles ; and here  
The Mother's dimples in her smiles appear :  
He gazes, sighs, hangs fondly round her neck,  
While tender tears are stealing down his cheek.

Now, while our modern nymphs of wit and taste  
The tedious hours in serious trifles waste,  
Dwell o'er the important volumes of Romance,

Drest

Drest in the pageant mimicry of *France*,  
Or talk of Routs, Assemblies, Balls, or Plays,  
Their dreams by night, and all their thoughts by days,  
To some low village hamlet joining by,  
Joy in her heart, and pleasure in her eye,  
Cheerful and gay the fair *Cordelia* roves,  
And carries with her all the little *Loves*,  
Each wond'ring swain that meets her feels confess  
That unknown mystic something in his breast,  
That pleasing pain call'd Love, that tingling smart,  
Which fires the nerves, and trembles at the heart.  
The rugged peasant, while he tills the ground,  
If chance he spies her as he gazes round,  
Stops short his steeds, surpriz'd he knows not how,  
And hangs in wild amazement on his plow.

See! near the cottage where a little train  
Of ruddy bantlings trip it on the green ;  
Soon as their well known mistress they espy,  
Swift to their homely straw-built cot they fly,  
With joyful hearts the welcome tydings bear,  
While eager skips pronounce *Cordelia* near.

Soon

Soon as she enters meek this humble cell,  
Where PEACE and INDUSTRY together dwell,  
Pleas'd with the harmless, healthy prattling brood,  
With eager transport who around her croud,  
On each abundant kisses she bestows,  
Kisses more sweet than *Zephirs* on the rose,  
Kisses, imperial Kings would gladly give  
Their crown, their wealth, their empire to receive,  
Kisses, for which e'en Kings might sue in vain, }  
Tho' now profusely giv'n from Love's fair Queen, }  
To the poor offspring of a Cottage swain. }  
Nor are sweet kisses only what she grants,  
But brings a cheerful tribute to their wants ;  
Her open purse bids Poverty rejoice,  
Care be no more, and gladness rear her voice :  
Each little heart with secret transport glows,  
While thousand blessings follow as she goes ;  
Blessings more precious to a gen'rous heart  
Than all that wealth or grandeur can impart,  
Blessings as sweet as heaven has in store,  
Blessings divine, the blessings of the poor,

If wintry winds forbid the rural tread  
Or round the garden, or the neighb'ring mead,  
When now no longer 'tis delight to rove  
By crystal fountains in the mazy grove,  
With various converse near the winter's fire  
Harmonious converse! she delights her fire,  
Or reads some moral and instructive page,  
The wholesome dictates of some rev'rend sage,  
Which guide our wand'ring steps, protect our youth,  
And point the way to happiness and truth.  
Each season thus is gently pass'd away  
In rural innocence from day to day :  
Happy *Cordelia* ! would the fates but please  
To grant thy future days as blest as these ;  
But now farewell ye tranquil joys and true,  
Blest peace and gentle happiness adieu !  
Farewel sweet sleep, who now no more shalt bring  
Reposing slumbers on thy downy wing.

Prepare ye soft and tender Nymphs, prepare  
The pitying sigh and sympathetic tear :  
Ye Youths, whose hearts to soft compassion move,

Ye.



Ye gentle souls of tenderneſs and love,  
 If matchleſs beauty in diſtreſs may claim  
 The tears of Pity in affliction's name,  
 In plenteous floods of grief here let them flow,  
 For ſoon *Cordelia* will demand them now.  
 How ſhall my *Muſe* the fatal tale perſue ?  
 How ſpeak the direful woes which hence enſue ?  
*Venus* aſſiſt her, kindly watch, and dry  
 The falling tear, and ſtop the riſing ſigh.

Near the green banks of wide Imperial *Thame*,  
 The pleaſant waters of her native ſtream,  
 At early morn, the morning fiſt of *May*,  
 The blooming Virgin hap'd perchance to ſtray ;  
 Here while in ſongs of joy ſhe hails the Spring,  
 And joins in concert with the birds that ſing,  
 While genial *Zephirs* all around her bear  
 The breath of pleaſure thro' the fragrant air,  
 A comely Youth, whoſe ſweet and graceful mien  
 Rival'd the \* Fav'rite of the † *Paphian* Queen,  
 With looks of ſilent awe, and pleaſing dread,  
 Approach'd with tim'rous ſteps the muſing maid :  
 Turning

\* *Adonis*.† *Venus*.

Turning around upon the youth her eyes,  
The trembling Nymph betrays her wild surprise,  
Pale grew her cheek ; while each on each amaz'd  
Fix'd to the earth in mutual silence gaz'd :

Thrice he essay'd to speak, as often hung  
The trembling accents on his fault'ring tongue,  
The sounds ere form'd to words, imperfect die  
Sink in a groan, or flutter in a sigh.

At length the Youth the tie of utterance broke,  
And thus with looks of love and sorrow spoke.

" Forgive, fair Maid, an hapless Youth forgive,

" And bless the short remains he has to live ;

" For sure could he but gain this boon from you,

" Propitious heaven would forgive him too :

" Then should his pains at last be o'er, for know

" Long I have dragg'd the galling chain of woe ;

" Forlorn and hopeless in despair I rove,

" A bleeding victim to the pangs of Love ;

" And oh ! you know, (for sure these eyes must tell,

" Tho' my swoln heart the secret should conceal,)

" Yes well you know, (for well these looks betray)

" Dear, dear *Cordelia* ! 'tis for love of thee.

" Since

" Since first I saw you, near ten months are gone,  
" When on a visit at fair *Winton's* Town ;  
" A stranger I, and oh ! before I trow,  
" A stranger to the pangs I suffer now ;  
" There first I learnt thy name ; ye Gods above !  
" 'Twas also there that first I learnt to love ;  
" Since when no joy my heart has known, dread care  
" Feeds on my soul, and drives me to despair,  
" Knowing my heart with fruitless anguish burn,  
" Which cheerless dares not hope the kind return.  
" No wealth I boast, no bleating flocks I feed,  
" No lands I claim to tempt that wary maid ;  
" All I can offer is, devoid of art  
" A soul untainted, and an honest heart.  
" Two days ago, from *Oxon's* famous Town  
" Thro' all the world for wit and learning known,  
" (Hearing the place thou dwelt) I hither came,  
" Here oft have wander'd by this spacious stream,  
" Here lay'd me down at night in wild despair,  
" The bank my couch, and my companion care.

" Here



" Here watch'd I thy approach, and here you see  
" The wretch at last, the wretch complete in me.  
" Thus hast thou hear'd, (forgive these tears that  
steal

" Adown my cheek) my melancholy tale.

" Oh ! let these tears thy gentle bosom move

" At least to pity me, if not to love.

Thus the fond Youth in broken accents spoke,  
And on his fair one cast a wishful look.

With down-cast eyes the modest Virgin seeks,

To hide the crimson blushes on her cheeks,

And thus replies : " strange Youth, what frenzy led

" Thy frantic steps to tempt an harmless maid ?

" How can'st thou form a specious tale, how wear

" Those borrow'd looks, and force the flatt'ring tear ?

" Why wilt thou try by subtle forms of art

" T' ensnare a weak and simple Virgin's heart ?

" Oft have I read of false, deceitful man,

" Of Woman weak and frail the cruel bane ;

" Their wiles to cheat our sex, the subtle snare

" They spread for Virtue, and the simple fair :

" Daily in secret ambush will they lay,

" To



" To lure, to cheat, to conquer, and betray,  
" Then in the spoils of Virtue triumph more,  
" Than patriot Heroes in the spoils of war.  
" Taught to deceive spontaneous flows the tear,  
" Deep heaves the sigh, to speak the heart sincere ;  
" When lo ! conceal'd beneath the hidden smile,  
" In secret lurk hypocrisy and guile.  
" Cease then to tempt an harmless maid, and leave  
" Those wily arts to flatter and deceive.  
" Let this suffice ; no secret is thy name,  
" Nor yet unknown thy person or thy fame ;  
" Thou'rt call'd *Fidelio*, nor can *Oxford* boast  
" One sprightly bard among her tuneful host,  
" Whose soft sweet numbers can with equal art  
" Inspire the soul, and melt the ravish'd heart.  
" Thou cruel fair " the gen'rous youth replies  
" Pleas'd at my pains, and sportive at my sighs,  
" Tho' vain and fruitless these, yet surely still  
" Would'st thou not cure, you need not strive to kill :  
" Oft tho' our Sex the harmless fair deceive,  
" Blind to our wiles, and easy to believe,  
" My

- " My open heart was never form'd to cheat,  
" but ever hated and abhorr'd deceit ;  
" Speak, and I'll do what e'er you ask, to prove  
" My heart is honest, and sincere my love.  
" For thee I'd face the threats of war, for thee  
" Defy the terrors of the raging Sea ;  
" For thee I'd seek far *India's* distant shore,  
" All it's drear realms, and burning wastes explore,  
" Would'st thou for all this time of life to come,  
" When *Albion* call'd the happy wand'rer home,  
" Bid him from future toils of life be free,  
" To live with love, with happiness, and thee.  
" Oh ! how delightful then each joyous day,  
" The fleeting scenes of life would glide away :  
" Love, genial love should all our hours employ,  
" Bliss heap'd on bliss, and joy confus'd in joy :  
" Pleasure and peace in happy union join'd,  
" Should feed the Soul with raptures unconfin'd ;  
" Furnish new scenes of rapt'rous delight,  
" Gladden each golden day, and bless each genial  
    night.  
" And lest our glass should soon, too soon be run,  
" We'd

" We'd croud ten thousand Years of love in one.

" Then should *Fidelio* sing in sweetest strain,

" Then should his numbers ring on ev'ry plain,

" The blitheft Poet, and the happiest Swain.

Thus spake the youthful Bard, which melted more  
Than all his sighs, his tears and vows before,  
The yielding Maid now sigh for sigh returns  
And for the youth with equal ardor burns :

Here first *Fidelio* steals (extatic blifs !)

From lips as vi'lets sweet the sweetest kifs.

Here first they join their hands, here pledge their  
vows,

Here seal their hearts, and all their souls disclose :

These were her words, which he pronounc'd divine,  
My dear *Fidelio* ! I am ever thine.

Far in the deep recesses of an wood,  
Adjoining by a lonely cottage stood,  
Near which a lofty beach, whose boughs o'erspread  
The turf beneath, and form'd a pleasing shade ;  
From henceforth sacred to the God of love,  
Queen of the trees, and Empress of the grove.  
Here oft to meet the Lovers both agree,



Or at the Shepherd's cottage, or the tree,  
 To make the Shepherd privy to their love,  
 As well she knew that he would faithful prove ;  
 While he, till time might other means supply  
 Should take a lodging in the village by.

Now after many a kiss full loth they part,  
 Exchanging soul for soul, and heart for heart.  
 No more as erst *Cordelia* now is seen  
 To trip it jocund o'er the dazied green ;  
 No more she tunes her voice in blitheft strain,  
 Which sweetly us'd to echo o'er the plain ;  
 The sportive *Zephirs* now, whose gentle gale  
 Once bore her song melodious thro' the vale,  
 Around the woodlands, and along the stream  
 Waft nought but sighs, and dear *Fidelio's* name.  
 Now homeward sadly flow, no longer gay,  
 Joyless she takes her solitary way :  
 That peaceful mansion now, which once seem'd giv'n  
 As the sure earnest of a future heav'n,  
 Where tranquil Gladness, and Contentment sweet  
 Had fix'd in happiness their rural seat,

To



To poor *Cordelia* joyless grown and pale,  
Seems dark and cheerless as the lonely cell.

Oft would her Father ask, " what means my dear  
" Those rising sighs which prompt the starting tear ?

" Why look you sad my lovely charmer ? speak :

" Why leaves the healthy blush that beauteous cheek ?

" To me thy grief, if ought thou hast, impart,

" To me disclose the secret of thy heart,

" And know if ought I can will ease thy pain,

" My little Angel shall not ask in vain.

Simple before and artless, now the Maid

Or feigns a raging tooth, or aching head ;

Now first to learn dissembling is she mov'd,

As tho' 'twas criminal to own she lov'd.

At night no balmy slumbers close her eyes,

Sleep, faithless Sleep ! her lonely pillow flies,

Swift to the tent of happiness repairs,

Flying the bed of Woe, and thorny couch of Cares :

A lively Emblem of man's treach'rous race, }

True to their friend, while peace and fortune blest, }

But basely vile and faithless in distress. }

Wishing

Wishing to see the dawning of the day,  
She weeps and sighs the heavy hours away ;  
No joy she knows, but when th' appointed hour  
Calls her to meet *Fidelio* in the bow'r ;  
There a few transient moments pass'd in bliss,  
The stolen dear embrace, and rapt'rous kiss,  
In sweet oblivion lull the gloomy tear,  
Whole sleepless nights, and dreary days of care.

Thus three months pass, when lo ! her Father dies,  
A sudden stroke of death soon clos'd his eyes :  
*Fate* of her dread intent no portents gave,  
But doom'd him silent to the peaceful grave :  
His pious Spirit joyful soars above,  
To meet his Consort in the realms of Love.  
An aged Uncle now is left to guard  
The youth and dower of his lovely ward,  
'Till she herself should reach to twenty one,  
Who yet had eighteen summers only known.

When Time and Love had smooth'd the brow of  
care,  
Sooth'd her pain'd breast, and dry'd the filial tear,  
Pass'd

Pass'd by our awful Senate's dread command,  
 A direful Edict fills th' affrighted land.  
 Blast to the Lover's hopes, which vain must prove,  
 The Maid's chaste wishes for connubial love :  
 In vain are oaths, those sacred pledges, giv'n  
 From each to each before the face of heav'n ;  
 This cancels all ; in holy rites employ'd,  
 The Priest himself declares them null and void,  
 Before the throne of his almighty God. }  
 Else had *Cordelia* clasp'd her fav'rite boy,  
 In chaste embraces with connubial Joy ;  
 Long had their faithful hearts been join'd above,  
 With chains of truth, and golden links of Love ;  
 All that remain'd was that the Priest below  
 Should join their hands, and ratify their vow.  
 Fate and the laws forbid ; and thus my *Muse*  
 With heavy heart the fatal tale pursues.

At early morn, when o'er the dewy plain  
 The longing Nymph prepares to meet her Swain,  
 While waking Love, with eager wishes warm  
 Kindled the blush, and brighten'd ev'ry charm ;

Full



Full of the joyous thoughts of that blest hour,  
When Love should join them soon to part no more,  
When now her heart no anxious thoughts controul,  
But all *Fidelio* rush'd into her soul ;

(Curs'd be the voice) her guardian calls, a name  
The wolf as justly o'er the Sheep may claim :  
She comes : the venal tyrant silence breaks,  
And thus in mild dissembling accents speaks.

" Happy *Cordelia*, fairest of the fair,  
" For love's soft Joys, and nuptial bliss prepare :  
" To morrow's Sun, my lovely ward, in thee  
" The richest, fairest, happiest Bride shall see :  
" A Peer of high renown, and noble race,  
" With eager transport waits thy long'd embrace ;  
" Your hands the Priest in sacred bands shall join,  
" And make you his, and him for ever thine.  
" Sooner, " with warmth replies the blushing maid,  
" Death low in earth shall see me gently laid,  
" Sooner the world unspotted will I leave,  
" And join in cold espousals with the grave.  
" Yes, yes, *Fidelio*, by the laws divine,

" I am,



" I am, I will be ever, ever thine ;  
" No force of human laws can part us now,  
" Dread Heav'n has hear'd and ratify'd our vow.

Stung to the heart with rage at this reply,  
The gath'ring fury kindles in his eye ;  
As wolves or hungry Lions seize their prey,  
Sudden he drags the trembling nymph away :  
Deaf to her plaintive cries, and piteous moan  
The monster leaves her close confin'd alone,  
Relentless leaves her, poor afflicted fair !  
To grief, to tears, to frenzy, and despair.  
Each day to gain his venal ends he tries  
To shake her firm resolves, and seize the prize ;  
Uses all means to frighten or beguile,  
Now arm'd with threats, now soften'd to a smile.  
In vain : *Fidelio's* image long confest  
The lovely inmate of her faithful breast,  
Fixes her constant heart beyond controul,  
And arms with love and fortitude her soul.

Now long in vain at eve, and early morn,  
The youth around the groves had stray'd forlorn ;  
Waiting

Waiting th' embraces of his lovely maid,  
 In vain the cot he visits, and the shade,  
 In vain with eager hopes expects his bliss,  
 The mutual rapture, and the burning kiss ;  
 In vain he chides the tedious hours, in vain  
 He sends in sighs his wishes o'er the plain.

Now fraught with spiteful mischief, fraud, and  
 lies,

*Fame* cursed *Goddeſs* ! thro' the village flies ;  
*Cordelia* wedded to a Lord proclaims,  
 And all his Titles, wealth, and grandeur names,  
 The cred'lous vulgar soon improve the tale,  
 And waſt the news thro' all the neighb'ring vale.  
 The village nymphs alas ! too quickly bear  
 The wounding tidings to *Fidelio's* ear,  
 Tidings which pierc'd his agonizing heart,  
 Like thoſe dread pangs when ſoul and body part ;  
 Ev'n thoſe of guilty wretches when they die,  
 Dreading the terrors of Eternity.

Hark ! o'er the plain the merry bells reſound,  
 Cheering the ſtream, and echoing groves around ;

To

To thee *Fidelio*, poor unhappy Boy !  
 The doleful knell of thy departed joy.  
 Join'd by his fav'rite las each joyous swain  
 Prepares the festive gambol on the green.  
 Drove by the gloomy fiend of black despair,  
 While all the woes in all their forms appear,  
 He hapless youth ! in bitter anguish roves,  
 Smiting his breast, around the well-known groves.  
 Now wild and frantic o'er the plain he flies,  
 And scares th' affrighted Echo with his cries.  
 The gloomy landscape once so fair and gay,  
 Darkens around him in the blaze of day.  
 At length he hurries to the *Paphian* grove,  
 Once the sweet scene, and blissful seat of love ;  
 Where the youth oft beneath the conscious shade,  
 Had clasp'd in fond embrace his darling maid.  
 Here pale, and wan, with many a deep-fetch'd groan  
 Calling for death he sick'ning lays him down :  
 Speaking the bitter anguish of his soul,  
 The round big tears adown his visage roll ;  
 Despair and horror with their gloomy train  
 Blacken his soul, and fill the darksome scene.

Death awful Death his Sister Ghosts alarms,  
 And hovers round in all his ghastly forms,  
 When with a pang that rends his heart, he cries  
 " *Cordelia* faithless Maid ! farewell," and dies.

Scarce had he breath'd his last, with wings of love  
 When lo ! *Cordelia* hurries tow' rds the grove ;  
 Broke from her prison, and the tyrant's chain, }  
 She scours in wild confusion o'er the plain, }  
 Flying for refuge to her lovely swain. }  
 When now the Virgin reach'd the fatal shade,  
 Where wrapp'd in death her faithful Shepherd laid,  
 Thinking that sleep his weary eyes had clos'd,  
 And slumbers sweet his careful thoughts compos'd,  
 Eager to snatch the long-forbidden bliss,  
 Gently she stoops to steal a sleeping kiss :  
 But when she finds her Swain depriv'd of breath,  
 And that his slumbers were the sleep of Death ;  
 Pierc'd with a pang no mortal tongue can tell,  
 Lifeless at once upon his corpse she fell ;  
 There in a close embrace she fainting lay,  
 And on his faithful bosom breath'd her soul away.

The



The village nymphs and swains while blithe they  
rove,

In cheerful gambols round from grove to grove,  
The hapless lovers find : in wild affright  
Struck with cold horror at the woful sight,  
Together swiftly to the Cot they fly  
And to the Shepherd tell their tragedy.  
The good old man in wild amazement hears  
The tragic story drown'd in melting tears,  
And all the secret of their love declares,  
While each young nymph and shepherd of the vale  
Melt at each tender passage of his tale,  
With many a sigh soft tears of pity shed,  
In vain, alas ! no tears awake the dead.

Now soon one grave the faithful pair receives,  
Their pains are buried, but their glory lives,  
Lives in eternal bliss, where soar'd above  
Their souls are join'd in everlasting love,  
Where they enjoy secure from grief and woe,  
That glorious liberty deny'd below.



*D A M O N and P H I L L I S,*  
*A Pastoral Dialogue in praise of Matrimony.*

*Felices ter, et amplius,  
 Quos irrupta tenet copula.——*

Horat : Lib : 1 Od : 13

*H E.*

**H**APLESS must the Shepherd prove,  
 Who has never learn'd to love,  
 Feasted ne'er his ravish'd sense,  
 With the sweets of innocence,  
 Ne'er has sought the nuptial tye,  
 Hapless he, but happy I.

*S H E.*

Hapless is the Maid, who ne'er  
 Made the rites of Love her care,  
 Ne'er has found a gentle Youth,  
 Warm with tenderness and Truth,

Ne'er

Ne'er has fought the nuptial tye,  
Hapless she, but happy I.

*B O T H.*

*From the nuptial tye alone,  
Joys of love and ease are known ;  
From the nuptial tye increase  
Health, tranquillity, and Peace :  
From the nuptial union flow  
All the blessings here below.*

*H E.*

First my lovely fair, I knew  
Truth and happiness in you,  
You real joy alone can give,  
For thee alone I wish to live,  
Bless'd and happy those who prove  
The cordial sweets of nuptial love.

*S H E.*

*Phillis* never cast an eye,  
Ask'd a bliss, or breath'd a sigh,  
Ne'er to Cupid bent a knee,  
Never *Damon* but for thee ;  
Blest and happy those who prove  
The cordial sweets of nuptial love.

*Both.*

## B O T H.

*From the nuptial tye alone,  
 Joys of love and ease are known ;  
 From the nuptial tye increase  
 Health, tranquillity, and peace ;  
 From the nuptial union flow  
 All the blessings here below.*

## H E.

Ev'ry day, a day of Love,  
 Does our fondness still improve,  
 Care with fullen look is fled,  
 Banish'd from the nuptial bed :  
 Would ye Shepherds happy prove,  
 Learn, O ! quickly learn to love.

## S H E.

Lock'd within thy arms to rest  
 Sorrow ne'er invades my breast.  
 Hence disquietude and care,  
 Nought but joy can enter here.  
 Would ye Virgins happy prove,  
 Learn O ! quickly learn to love.

*Both.*



B O T H.

From the nuptial tye alone,  
Joys of Love and ease are known ;  
From the nuptial tye increase  
Health tranquillity and peace :  
From the nuptial union flow  
All the blessings here below.

H E.

Hear my pray'r ye pow'rs divine,  
Long be gentle *Phillis* mine !  
Else, if cruelly severe  
Envious Fates denies my pray'r,  
Happy in the nuptial tye,  
O ! together let us die.

S H E.

Hear ye kind and gracious Gods,  
Happy in your blest abodes ;  
Hear my pray'r ye pow'rs divine,  
Long be gentle *Damon* mine :  
Happy in the nuptial tye  
Else together let us die.

Both.

## B O T H.

*From the nuptial tye alone,  
 Joys of Love and ease are known ;  
 From the nuptial tye increase  
 Health, tranquillity, and peace :  
 From the nuptial union flow  
 All the blessings here below.*

---

## A S O N G.

## I.

**D**EAREST *Kitty* ! kind and fair,  
 Tell me when, and tell me where ;  
 Tell thy fond and faithful Swain,  
 When we thus shall meet again.  
 When shall *Strephon* fondly see  
 Beauties only found in thee ?  
 Kiss thee, press thee, toy, and play,  
 All the happy live-long day.  
 Dearest *Kitty* ! kind and fair,  
 Tell me when, and tell me where.

All

II.

All the happy day 'tis true,  
Blest, but only then, with you,  
Nightly *Strephon* sighs alone,  
Sighs till *Hymen* makes us one.  
Tell me then, and ease my pain,  
Tell thy fond and faithful Swain,  
When the Priest shall kindly join,  
*Kitty's* trembling hand to mine :  
Dearest *Kitty* ! kind and fair,  
Tell me when, I care not where

---

*The Despairing* SHEPHERD's *Address*  
*To a Bower.*

I.

**H**AIL ! conscious Shade of former bliss,  
Receive once more the lovesick Boy ;  
Where *Delia* granted first the kiss,  
And form'd the plan of future joy.

II.

Here Melancholy learn'd to smile,  
And Pleasure took the place of Care ;

L

Here

Here Gladness plac'd her Throne awhile,  
But soon resign'd it to Despair.

## III.

For *Delia* false to Love and me,  
No more will bless my longing sight,  
No more this scene of pleasure see,  
Or haunt the place of past delight.

## IV.

No more then let thy joyous Spring  
Thy cheerless branches cloath with pride;  
No more on thee let Linnets sing,  
Or Vi'lets creep around thy side,

## V.

No more let *Zephir's* balmy breeze  
E'er whisper joy around thy shade;  
But waft it's fragrance to the trees,  
That never shelter'd faithless maid.

## VI.

From yonder far extended vale,  
Let sleepy *Echo* softly rise,  
And faintly to the mountains tell,  
That *Delia's* false, and *Strephon* dies.

Epilogue



# E P I L O G U E

To the O R P H A N.

*Acted by the young Gentlemen of Winchester School.*

1746.

Spoken by CHAMONT.

*Chamont seeing the dead bodies, enters weeping, then  
after a little pause thus corrects himself.*

**F**Y E: thou'rt a Soldier; and to whine and cry  
To see a few poor silly people die,  
But ill becomes the Iron Son of Mars,  
Bred up in Death, Destruction, Blood, and Wars.  
What tho' the one by marriage is my Brother, }  
This my acquaintance too, my Sister t'other, }  
We all must surely die one day or other. }  
All that thou canst do is thus t' address 'em,  
" Alas! poor Souls they're gone, and so God blest 'em :  
Or, wouldst thou more peculiar fondness shew 'em,  
Add this one friendly pray'r, " much good may't do 'em.

Now

## E P I O G U E.

*Now methinks Ladies (turning to the Pit) I have  
done my duty ;*

*Now for Serina ! now for Love, and Beauty !*

*'Gad she is pretty ; how I long to bed her !*

*But then her plaguy Virtue,—'Gad I first must wed  
her.*

*I ne'er consider'd that.—what ! can'st thou leave her ?*

*Why—that would prove unkind : I fear 'twould grieve*

*Besides if I aright remember, Mr. [her.*

*Castalio said, " if you will marry Sister,*

*" My fortune's thine. weigh this : well—Wife and Gold :*

*Freedom and nothing : money and a scold :*

*Stop, let me longer think.—alas ! good Brother,*

*Wou'd I could take the one without the other.*

*But since it can't be thus, however loath,*

*I'll e'en dare venture, and accept of both.*

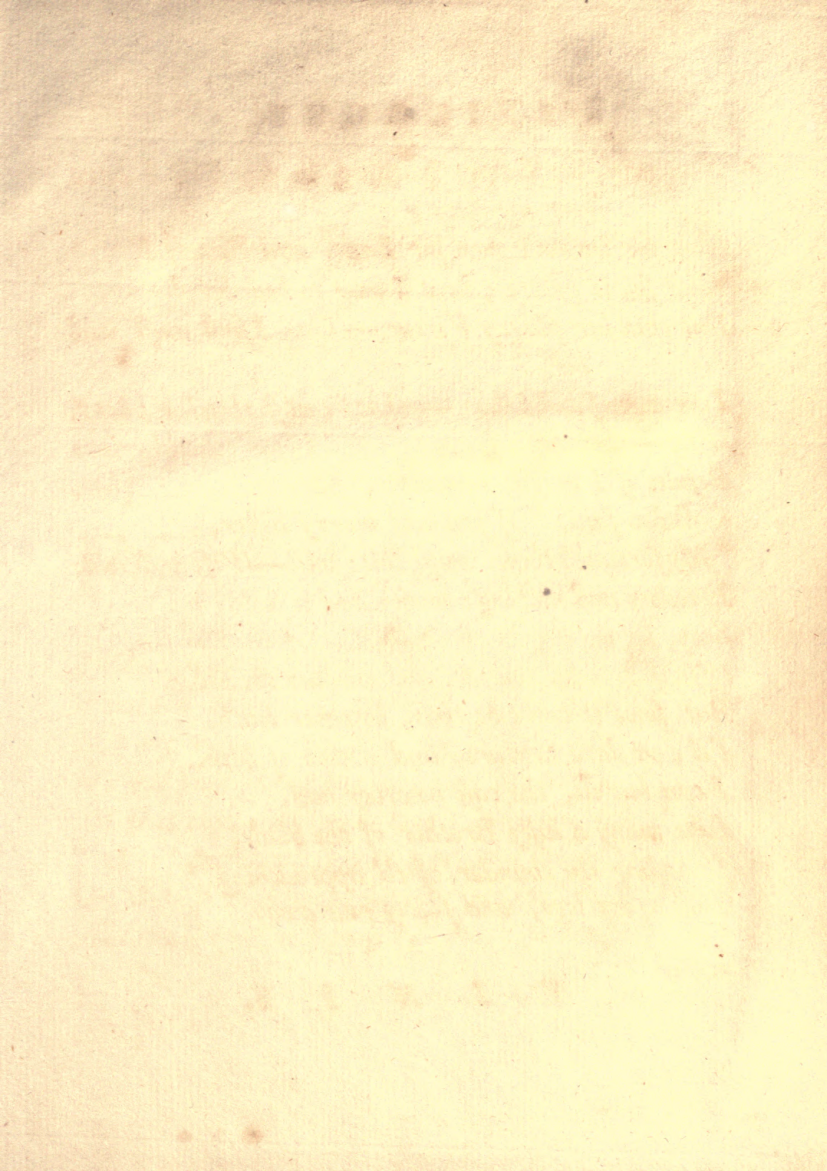
*I can but do, the case however bad,*

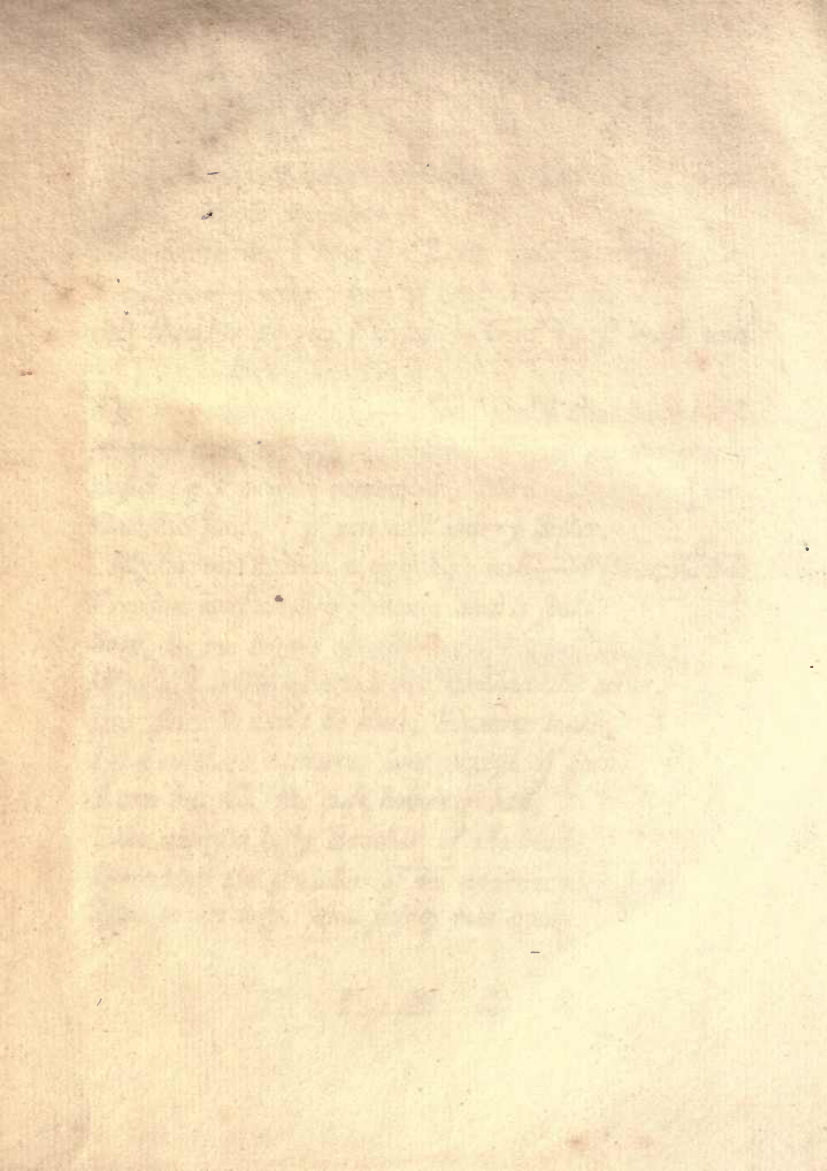
*Like many a lusty Brother of the blade,*

*Dreading the thunder of th' approaching fray,*

*Take to my legs, and fairly run away.*

F I N I S.









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